



THANKSGIVING DAY. 1896.

THANKSGIVING SKETCH.

HERE was a sad heart in the low-storied, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms. Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone; she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead. There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She owned a pig, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house, but also a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground. At last sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame-handed, with a debt to carry and her bare land, and the house ill-provisioned to stand the siege of time. For a while she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for any one to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than for a few neighbors, and she had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still. The people whom she cared most for happened to be poor, and she could no longer go into their households to make herself of use. The very elms overhead seemed to say "No" as they groaned in the late autumn winds, and there was something appealing even to strange passers-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, worried face at the window.

Anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes when they come they seem to be full of shadows, and the power of giving joy to others, that inalienable right which ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent sympathy, sometimes even this seems to be withdrawn. So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself to be poor and sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of cold meadow-land, brown and windswept and crossed by



THERE WAS A TALL MAN.

deep ditches. It seemed to her as if in all the troubles that she had known and carried before this, there had always been some hope to hold, as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before. She looked anxiously down the road, with a horrible shrinking and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was no body coming with gifts in hand. Once she had been full of love for such days, whether at home or abroad, but something had chilled her very heart now, poor old woman.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town-farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting patiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands. He had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He would plow over the graves in the field-corner and fell the great elms, and waited for his poor prey like a spider. He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and com-

as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old bonny way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked and went out to send the man to bring a wagonful of wood from John Mander's



and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles; they must get good fires started in both the bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be ready for company from out West! The great cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little, old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still? And he remembered everything and kissed her as they stood before the fire as if she were a girl.

He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at last. He had struck luck, and this was the end of a great year.

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters, no use to complain of the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came"; and he told it while she cooked the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin' to write no foolish letters," John repeated. He was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together,



"DON'T YOU CRY SO" just as they used to when he was a homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then but she looked so poor and old. He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again, with a trembling hand and a look at him. "No, I wanted to come myself," he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!"

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good, hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.



THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Oh! Turkey with cranberry jelly! Oh! Doughnuts and pudding and pie!

If there is ever a time when we want our turkey to be tender and juicy, it is for the Thanksgiving dinner. It is not every housekeeper who knows how to select a turkey, though it is not a difficult matter. The best turkeys have smooth, black legs with soft, loose spurs, and are short and plump. The end of the breast bone should be soft and flexible. The breasts are full, and the flesh plump and white.

The cooking is fully as important as the selection, and the preparation for it should be carefully attended to.

A turkey is greatly improved by drawing the sinews from the legs. This converts the otherwise coarse and tough flesh of the drumstick into delicate meat.

If you prefer to stuff your turkey place enough in slit of neck to fill the cavity made by removing the crop; fill the breast with the remainder and sew firmly.

Thanksgiving Day is a timely preparation for Christmas. A thankful heart makes one desirous to share good gifts with a poorer neighbor, and so by the time Christmas Day appears the spirit of selfishness has been suppressed.

WINE LABEL SWINDLERS.

Clever Devices Which Successfully Deceive Wine Buyers.

"If people who follow 'brands' and makers' names knew of half the swindles perpetrated with labels they'd be astonished," said a celebrated English wine merchant to exchange reporter. "Why, I know a man, a former engraver, who can forge the brand of any wine in existence. This is his sole occupation, and working in league with him is a clique of rogues who buy up quantities of empty wine and champagne bottles from hotels and restaurants, and they fill the bottles with a low priced but drinkable port, claret, champagne, etc., and affix cleverly forged labels of the most expensive brands, bearing the names of foreign growers. Not only are the bottles peculiar to each grower used but they even procure the proper gold and silver foil from France, and as corks, they know where to find a cork cutter to the trade who will supply any shape and kind required. Seals are easily imitated by taking an impression and putting cobwebs on port wine bottles is an old dodge. They plant these spurious wines at certain restaurants and clubs, the wine buyer 'standing in.' I know more than one high class restaurant where these imitations are constantly sold to people dining there in genuine brands. So perfect are the forged labels that a military officer actually paid these sharpers over \$100 for some Madeira worth \$50 which they advertised as dating from the battle of Waterloo. A very well known nobleman, too, was victimized over some pretended wine to the tune of \$1,000, and I could give you the name of a big firm of wine merchants swindled for nearly \$15,000 (a few bottles of genuine wine being procured and opened for the men to taste), and dared not prosecute, for it would simply have ruined their business were it to be known that they had hundreds of falsely labeled wines in their cellars, some of which they had even resold to their customers."

PICTURESQUE SIENA.

Sienna is the Typical Gothic City of Tuscany.

Sienna, like a true daughter of Rome, is throned superbly upon many hills, but the wolf and the twins watch over a medieval city, and the ancient Colonna Julia Senesis holds higher than any other Italian town save Florence, the double symbol of church and state in the middle ages, the towers of the cathedral and of the public palace, says Scribner's. We have seen the city in many phases, under black clouds with hail stones, shining in the stormy, struggling sunlight against the sculptures of Ponce Gaia and the rain-streamlets rushing down its steep streets; and we have seen it set like a town in a mistral border against a still flat blue background of sky; we have seen it from the terraces of the Osservanza rising above its walls, which overhang the intermediate valley, and from distant southern Monte Oliveto its towers of the Mangia and the cathedral dwindled to mere pin points. We have strolled through its narrow streets at all times and at all seasons, have blinked at the dazzling facade of the Duomo in the glare of noon and lingered in the great Campo when it lay white and still in the chill moonlight. We have watched the gray, bleak hills on which the town is pedestaled turned to freshest, tenderest green; we have climbed the slopes of the olive orchards and looked through skurrying snowflakes at the ramparts rising above us, and from every point from without her gates and within her walls, from the towers above and the valley below Siena makes one impression upon us: Etruscan town, Roman colony as she was, the middle ages set their seal upon her and she is the typical Gothic city of Tuscany, almost Italy.

Cycling for the Insane.

It is announced in European medical journals that French lunatics are to be supplied with bicycles. Certain Parisian specialists in mental disorders intend, it seems, to try the influence of bicycling upon a mild diseased, in the hope that the exhilaration of rapid motion, combined with the call upon the nerves which is needed to control the flying wheel, should have good results.

As long as the patient keeps within his asylum grounds, he may, no doubt, obtain benefit and can do no harm. The interest will culminate when, half healed, he seeks a wider field. Should he slip his attendant—a not impossible contingency—a series of adventures might well ensue.

Ancient Work in Iron.

The use of iron in architecture is not so new as people are accustomed to think. At Delhi is a forged iron column 60 feet high. It is 16 inches in diameter at the base, and 12 inches at the top. Its weight is estimated at about 17 tons. From records extant it is reasonably certain that it was already in existence 900 years B. C.

How It Should be Done.

"Pardon me," said the new boarder after the others had left the table, "but I'm not up in table etiquette and don't know just how oranges should be eaten."

"Very sparingly, sir, very sparingly, at this time of the year," answered the thrifty landlady.

How to Eat.

Mr. Fussy—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them." Miss Fussy—"Do you fill your silk hat?"—standard.

The Greatest Clothing Sale Omaha Has Ever Seen.

The Belle sock is no doubt the finest goods sold under such circumstances as forcing the goods on the market. We have still 200 suits high class up to \$5, and \$2 suits at \$2.50 Men's Overcoats at \$2.50. You can appreciate this by calling and seeing the goods at 1415 Douglas, bet. 15th and 16th streets, Omaha.

RECEIVER'S SALE.

Delicious Ginger Wafers.

Ginger wafers may be made by creaming a quarter of a pound of butter, adding a pound of brown sugar, one dessertspoonful of ground ginger. The grated peel and juice of one lemon. Beat thoroughly, then add half a pound of flour and a pint of golden syrup; beat thoroughly and vigorously, butter your pan and spread the mixture as thin as possible and yet perfectly even and smooth. Bake in a rather brisk oven. When they are partly done draw the pan to the oven door and roll each wafer into a tiny cylinder. This may be done very expeditiously. Then return them to the oven until they become crisp and brown.—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Important Difference.

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Mrs. McKinley's Presents.

Mrs. McKinley has an immense collection of badges, given to her by the various organizations that have visited her. The last one to be added to it was that of the Syracuse Woman's Republican Club, whose president, Mrs. Frost, with two other members, joined a recent pilgrimage to Canton.

Mr. Edward Wood, Pringham, Iowa.

Writes: "I have taken Dr. Kay's Renovator and it has cured me of dyspepsia of about ten years standing. I was so bad off that everything I ate soured on my stomach. I can now eat most everything." Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 25 cts. and \$1.00. See ad.

Among the distinctively literary features of the announcements of the Atlantic monthly for the coming year is a series of papers on "Masters of American Literature," Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson and Longfellow, in which the writings of each will be studied from the point of view of the present by our most capable younger critics, with the effort to inform readers who come to these authors for the first time what parts of their writings are of present interest, and what relative values should be placed upon each; there will be also reviews of the work of our younger authors, such for instance as Mr. Henry B. Fuller, Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. Harold Frederick, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, and others.

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Troubles of the Preacher.

To the perplexities incident to the study of the human heart a Methodist clergyman of Toronto, the Rev. J. Odery, found an addition in his mail box recently when he received a letter in which the writer said, "I inclose to you a plant leaf from my dead wife's grave and for Mrs. Odery a sample of the bridal dress of the lady I am about to wed."—New York Sun.

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Telegraphing Through Space.

The possibility of telegraphing through space has been turned to account in a most effective way for maintaining communication between the mainland and Fastnet lighthouse, on the southwest coast of Ireland. Formerly the difficulties of carrying a telegraph cable up an exposed rock, where it was exposed to constant chafing, were almost insuperable. The non-continuous system is now used, and is said to work admirably. The cable terminates in the water sixty yards off, and the electric currents sent from the shore find their way through this distance to two bare wires that dip into the sea from the rock.

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The above class of scientists recognize, and have repeatedly borne testimony to, the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and infirm conditions of the system. Experience and observation have taught them its value. They but echo the verdict long since pronounced by the public and the press. Only the benighted now are ignorant of America's tonic and alterative.

Why He Carried Life Preservers.

It is said on account of their depth and coldness the waters of Lake Superior do not give up their dead. A recent traveler there asked the captain of a Lake Superior steamer why he carried life-preservers, the water being so cold that one could not long survive immersion. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "we carry the corks so that it will be easier to recover the bodies!"

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

A Russian Reminiscence.

Arditi prints in his reminiscences a pleasant little mot of Rossini. When Mme. Arditto was first presented to him, the great composer bowed and said: "Now, I know why Arditto composed 'Il Bacio' (The Kiss)." Again, when Arditto had done Rossini some trifling service, the composer was profuse in thanks, and cordially offered him as a souvenir "one of my wigs," which were arranged on stands on the chiffonier.

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